

—THE INNIS HERALD—



It's making an unholy fuss;
Why has it come to visit us?



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Pass the mousse please.
-Liberace

Soulage pour L'estomac

If I thought that *The Herald* was any place for the discussion of relevant issues, I would now proceed to comment on the University's request that all information media who receive University support draft a "code of ethics". At first I thought they were asking for a "load of ethics", which I found rather disconcerting, not to mention racist, but I figured I had probably read wrong. (Ever since I drank that ridiculous amount of Manichevitz last Passover, my eyesight hasn't been too good.) Anyway, there's been all sorts of hooplah concerning the poor behaviour of the *Toke* last fall, and the University would like to ensure that they never have to face that sort of embarrassment again. Fair enough. The reason I don't discuss this, however, is because University support means that we get the use of office space, telephones and heating etc. free of cost, and since *The Innis Herald* office has no heating as it is, I conclude that the issue, however it is resolved, will make no difference.

Besides, it seems there's something much more intriguing up my bum than campus media policy. Oooh. Well! Of all the people who might want to prod around up there, who could imagine that it would be...yes, none other than Sigmund Freud.

For all sorts of reasons not to be enumerated here, I recently found myself reading Freud's essay, "Dora" - the one about the girl who was hysterical because she had repressed feelings of love for everyone and a funny little cough which apparently indicated that she liked felatio. Among other nasty bits of information, I also gathered from my reading that the repressed individual will say "no" when



really they mean "yes". Now, I think it's pretty much a universal truth that we all have some feelings of repression and thus (woah - huge leap of logic), according to Freud, "no" means "yes" in almost all cases.

This confuses me because not long ago I received a flaming pink poster from the Women's Centre which concerned date rape and which asked men, in huge letters,

to kindly remember that "NO MEANS NO". Quite frankly I have no idea what to make of this. The poster also suggested that if a man threatens to break up with a woman if she doesn't have sex with him, and consequently the woman *does* have sex with him, then this also constitutes rape. I beg to differ. In such a case the woman is being stupid, not raped. And if the poster is wrong in this instance, it could likewise be wrong when it states that "NO MEANS NO". Thus, "no" would actually mean "yes" and Freud would be right.

Let us follow through with this warped logic. If the poster's being wrong in one place means that it could be wrong in another place, then Freud, who is right in one place, must be right everywhere else and I'm in serious trouble (i.e. I'm in love with my Father and my babysitter). And since trouble is not my favourite place to be in, I must conclude that Freud is half right and the Women's Centre is the other half. Besides, as Abraham Lincoln once remarked, "half the people can be part right all of the time, and some of the people can be all right part of the time, but all the people can't be all right all of the time." To which Bob Dylan replied, "I'll let you be in my dream if I can be in yours." So you see, it's all very much connected.



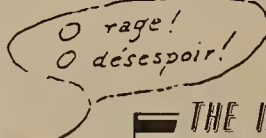
And now it's time to learn a new phrase. You know that anxious, unhappy sort of feeling you sometimes get when you're having a really good time and you're not entirely sure if the person you're with is having as good a time? Well, this is called the "Shitty Plate Syndrome" and its name is taken from the well documented occurrence of similar feelings known to arise in places of dining.

The "Shitty Plate Syndrome" is that awful feeling of compunction which comes over you when your dish is extremely tasty and that which your companion orders is quite shitty. The most prevalent symptom of the disease is an overwhelming desire to switch plates but which does not indicate any sort of passion which the sufferer may feel towards lousy food. Rather, the manifestation of such a symptom reveals a martyr-like tendency in the sufferer which

results in the notion that he would have an even better time eating *shitty* food, if only it would make his companion a little bit happier. When applied to life outside the restaurant, the "Shitty Plate Syndrome" can, as hinted at earlier, refer to any incident wherein one person is so happy that being less happy would make them more happy if it meant that their companion was less unhappy. Quite simple really.

And in conclusion, despite the fact that I missed *Knots Landing* to write this damn piece, I'm actually quite happy. I sense, however, that the reader might be more happy if I were to cease and desist. Thus, since I care so very much for my readers, I will stop writing even though I'm finding it quite a treat. You see, I'll be happier being less happy knowing it will make you, the reader, more happy. Quite simple really.

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THE INNIS HERALD

January, 1989, Volume 23 Issue 4

The paper that *bites* your head off
and *spits* out the bones

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LETTERS

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free from sexist, racist, agist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher.



Moscow

Dear Editor,

Holy cow! I sitting here under ten blanket practising my typing and out of the blue comes hot story! Somedays there is nothing to do (most days) then you get bomb dropped on your head hard as rock. Who could of thought that *Innis Herald* Moscow correspondent could be the one to receive such heavy tips. Not me!

I look out window of my little bungalow and watch the falling gently snow and my hands they shake as I reach for steadyding glass of vodka. You know, as we say in Kiev, "No news is good news", and I think maybe is true. But weight of conscience, not to mention bomb, makes me to gather strength and tell *Herald* readers what must be told. I remember what you two editors told me before sending me out to the Soviet Union as correspondent. Jim, you say to me, "Write if you got work." Paul, you say...I'm sorry Paul. I cannot remember what you say. But I remember being charged with heavy responsibility. I also remember being charged for two cases of Black Label I never even have one beer of. You guys said you send cheque. Well, you know the post! It never come!

I am putting off what must be told. My little Varya told me to always come to point! (Ballet class seems many centuries ago) Here is bald face of truth. Innis College has been completely taken over by Innis squirrels!

Innis squirrels deny this of course but I have from reliable turncoat squirrel's horse's mouth that last summer there was coup while everybody just sitting laid back glad that students not on their

case. You see little furry friends in morning sitting on picnic tables, rooting in Innis café garbage always running away. Not like

Queen's Park squirrel that come right up to you and sit on your head while eating nuts from your hand. They run away! They hide the truth! They have taken over!

Is squirrel master of disguise? You bet! Key people in college actually not! They are squirrels wrapped in sheep's clothing! My little squealer actually tell me that real college principal is not in his office. He has been carried off! (This requires big number of squirrel but check it out! No shortage, yes?) He is imprisoned on beach in Hawaii! Exposed to American decadence and fancy fruity drinks with powerhouse wallop! I pause for more vodka...

My hands tremble back to my keyboard. Ohh Jim, Jim, Paul, Fuzz, I know is too terrible story to believe but believe it! Man in principal's office is clever squirrel running whole college! Watch carefully...Informant tells me he may announce construction of new residences for students. Be very sure you check size of residences. Make sure is measured in feet and no inches! And minute he talk about expanding cafeteria? Look out! More cafeteria space means more garbage for squirrels to eat. I..

Oh.. I here something at my door! Is a scratching sound like old Black Flag album with broken needle that needed replacing because it more worn out than the record that cost nothing because it was used! I quick must close and place this letter in a nutshell! Beware tovarich! Tell College before it too late. Check out what principal buy in next lunch! Splash story all over the front pager. I must hide me away for fear of my life! This is no tall told by an idiot! I must scurry to a safe nest now! Thirty, as we say in news business.

They're here!
Ivan Czegledy

P.S. Fetisov and Larionov is squirrels too! Dirty rotten quitters. When the gong gets tough, the tough get gone!

P.P.S.S.S. Thank Bruce Elder (marvelous equestrian!) for sending Smirnoff's but is little like sending colds to Newcastle, yes?



Letters from the Ass't Editor's Mother

Dear Alex,

I have been so impressed by the "Letters from the Editor's Mother" that I felt a responsibility to write to you, the Assistant Editor. There would seem to be an obligation on the part of mothers to maintain the focus of *The Innis Herald* on the relevant issues. (Note Judy's keen and sensitive questions.)

I would appreciate it (and so would your readers, I've no doubt) if you could put your mind to answering the following: How's life after tonsils?

your's sincerely,

Sue

Dear Mom,

Actually, life without my tonsils isn't much different than life with 'em was. In fact, the only affect which the loss seems to have had on my day to day life is that my "more pulp" orange juice no longer gets stuck in my throat. And this, no doubt, is a good thing.

Send woolies,

Alex

Dear Editor,

Whither bum?

yours,

Sam Beckett

Exactly.

Mobster Angry

Dear Editors,

I just have two words to say to you: stop printing this shit.

Jimmy Hoffa

Jimmy! We haven't heard from you since you quit that country and western band, but it seems you still possess that rapier wit. Remember when Mom asked you if that was a gun in your pocket etc. and you said "no ma'am it's a pocket terrier" and "could you pass the hors d'oeuvres please" and she started laughing uncontrollably until you put those orange peels in your mouth and started to hop around the garden and -- wait a minute, that was Vito Corleone -- anyway, if I'm not mistaken, one thing led to another and you ended up back naked in the pool. Well, it's no good living in the past. Thanks for writing, and by the way, you were right - those stains never did come out.



Too Much Punk

To whom it may very well concern,

I was sitting at home reading Tolstoy in my easy chair the other night fresh from a bracing night of Elgar at the TSO when the latest *Herald* came through my mail slot.

I tossed Tolstoy aside and grasped the latest news from my old alma mater with glee. Last year's *Herald* had been filled with the kind of philosophical pretension that really gets me going and I hoped for more of same. Well! Much to my surprise your issue contained a blistering attack on the classical music audience by one Mister Blitz, Esquire. I must take issue with his comments.

What's wrong with just sitting there and letting Ludwig Van or Gustav Mahler envelop you in their ethereal glory. My emotional response is not subdued, just internalized so that I can feel the whole piece. It is by deferring the outward expression of rapture that I get off, as it were, on the piece. It also allows me to hear the quiet bits. There is no need for a Dionysian rutting session to achieve transcendence through music. One may achieve this transcendence quietly without bothering the person seated next to you.

Letters from the Editor's Mother



Dear Jenny,

It's about the OJ. Are you aware of what is happening? We are being asked to decide if we want "more pulp" or "less pulp" in our orange juice. Do you know where this can lead? Soon we'll be asked if we want "too much pulp" or "not enough pulp", and then perhaps "only pulp" or "no pulp". Is there not trouble enough in the world without something like this coming along, and us barely into 1989?

Disconcerted,

Judy.

Dear Mom,

There certainly is enough trouble in the world without having to worry about the degree of pulpiness in your OJ. You are right once again. But lest we forget, pulp has been with us as long as oranges. Who can forget the pulp novels of the thirties and forties? Pulp is healthy even when it contains lewd scenes. The Postman Always Rings Twice was great pulp but also great art. And since we can always use more great art, as well as more juice, the answer is simple. Yes, please "more pulp". "Only pulp?" well, chew an orange. And no pulp is like going through life with binders on. Sorry, I meant blinders.

send PJs

love
Jenny

What's Love got to do with it?

Madame Editor,

Be it resolved that: "All you need is Love."

This resolution is preposterous. We, as a species, clearly need much more. Surely no one would assert that love will subdue our craving for beer (yours particularly). Surely no one would dispute that Benson and Hedges save our idle hands from becoming the devil's instruments (particularly yours). Surely it is true that music and film are needed to fill our hearts with delight (and our days - particularly yours). Indeed, can it be imagined that love is ever productive; let alone necessary for human existence. Man is most normal without it, depending on what kind of it we mean -- do we mean imported or exported love? I love lasagna, so does that mean my life is complete when I have lasagna -- or just just when I love it from afar. And who is "you" -- don't we really mean everyone who reads the resolution? And why stop there, what makes people who read the *Herald* need love and not the people who don't. Madame Editor, I believe that this resolution is sufficiently ambiguous that it cannot be debated.

Please reconsider,
Hilary Clark

your's ineredulity,

Smash



Hollywood Squares

Dear Editor,

Hollywood Squares ain't been the same since Charlie Weaver died, so go to hell!

best wishes,

Bert Convy

Y'know Bert, you wouldn't be nearly so uptight if you didn't look quite so much like Col. Khrushchev. Just send along a picture of the two of you together and then, maybe, I'll consider going to hell.



Don't Drink Drunk II

Art Wilson

It has been a number of months since anyone has discussed the CBS issue. The issue of alcohol at student, on campus, social functions was never adequately resolved.

CBS policy is to allow no one under the age of 19 into college parties. Further, anyone who is over nineteen, regardless of whether they look 9 or 99, must present photo ID. This makes the University of Toronto the most difficult place to obtain alcohol in Toronto. More difficult than the LCBO. More difficult than the Brewers Retail. More difficult than any other bar in this city (or at least any bar I've been in, and I've been in a few).

In the Fall of 1988 a number of people attempted to convince CBS to adopt a more realistic policy. The arguments proceeded as follows (I will use the Innis Pub as an example).

The Innis Pub has a dining lounge license. A dining lounge license allows under age people onto the premises so long as food is served. We argued that preventing under age persons from coming onto the premises was age discrimination. CBS's counter-argument was that they had the discretion to keep out undesirable, and as they couldn't stop alcohol from going to under-agers at a party (purchased by their 19 year old friends), they stopped underagers from going to the party. It was at this point that the issue died in the media. But we can draw wider inferences from CBS's arguments, and their actions.

If CBS cannot prevent an under-age person from getting alcohol once they are at a party, this is a tacit admission that they have no control of the flow of alcohol (short of stopping all sales) at

parties. Thus a 19 year old could drink enough to get drunk, which is illegal.

Further, for all the emphasis on their new server training program, CBS considers its servers incompetent to make any sort of judgment regarding the age of patrons.

The effects of the CBS policy are significant. The University is sending a clear message to a large portion of the first year class. They are not wanted at evening social functions. What do these students do? They go to bars, or to the liquor store, or have a friend do it, and do their drinking somewhere else. Will these people bother to come back when they're of age? I doubt it. Will these people have good feelings toward the U of T as alumni? I doubt it. Obviously the U of T cannot allow underage people to drink. But it can, as far as the law will allow, permit underage people to participate in events where alcohol is present, rather than stigmatizing them by their age.

First year underage students should demand a partial refund of their student fees, as part of these fees goes to subsidizing college parties which they are barred from attending.

CBS's draconian solution to the alcohol issue is a poorly thought out plan (if we can call it such) which clearly reflects the limited mental capacity, lack of legal knowledge, and insensitivity towards the university community of its drafters. These people will one day hopefully be fired or die, but the scars will remain. The scars of decreased student spirit at U of T, decreased enrollment requests and decreased alumni contributions. Steps must be taken now to stop the disease and heal the wounds. But what should these steps be?

To begin with the way CBS is run

now, it should lose its license. Once a person gets in the door they are free to drink with impunity. That is illegal, and CBS could be held liable if said person later injures themselves. The solution is as follows. Let the pub operators know the consequences of liquor infractions: loss of license, loss of liquor. This will encourage them to tow the line. Next, pub operators are not required to check everyone for ID. They need only check people who do not reasonably appear to be 19. Similarly, Pub operators do not have an absolute obligation to ensure that underagers are not slipped drinks. They need only take reasonable steps in this

regard.

What we need is a return to the two bracelet system. With paid employees at the Bar and at the door. This should be supplemented by a number of volunteers on the social committee who will keep their eye on things, to ensure as far as possible that only those with liquor bracelets are allowed to drink. The prospect of losing liquor privileges will be sufficient to ensure vigilance on the part of volunteers and paid employees. As an added measure, soft drinks should be provided free, or at a reduced rate, to those who cannot drink, to show that the college is concerned about their enjoyment of

the pub, and to provide a ready alternative to alcohol. Finally, if the U of T would get off its collective ass and put dates of birth on Student cards, it would be immensely helpful.

That then is my solution. A sensitive plan that attempts to minimize the importance of alcohol and the difference between those that can and cannot have it, while at the same time covering our legal ass. It is a constructive alternative to the current destructive CBS policy, which only serves to emphasize the significance of alcohol in our lives, and in practise (if not in theory) leaves CBS wide open to litigation.

ICSS Update

Martha MacEachern

Happy New Year! Welcome back to the second half of the Innis College season. I hope everyone had an enjoyable and restful holiday because '89 promises to be a year full of excitement and surprises.

Twenty-fifth anniversary celebrations kicked off the New Year with a skating party at Nathan Phillips Square on January 20th. Further celebrations include the annual Innis College Formal, this year a masquerade, to be held on March 4th at L'Hotel. This gala evening begins with cocktails at

6p.m. and is followed by dinner, dancing and prizes for best costume and masks. For ticket information contact Audrey Perry, room 124, or myself at the ICSS office.

Other events to watch for include many more infamous Innis Pubs, the annual Coffee House - Feb. 10th and the Athletic Banquet on March 17th. The next ICSS student affairs meetings will be

held Feb. 6th, and Feb. 20th all at 4p.m. in the Cold Room. All Innis students are welcome to attend.

If you have further questions or enquiries, remember, the ICSS office is always open. Come and visit us some time!

Oh yeah! The long awaited Innis sweatshirts have arrived. Speak to Rob Stanley or myself to find out about how you can get one for your very own.

1st yr. Commerce & Economics tutor.

Office Hours:

Tuesday: 11:00 - 1:00

Wednesday: 11:00 - 1:00

Thursday: 12:00 - 4:00

Phone: 978-7434

Office #307

New Innis College Residence

Report from *The Herald* and the I.C.S.S.

Innis is building a new residence. The planning of the building is still in its earliest stages. The actual site of the building is still to be decided, as is the type of residence the college desires. The architect has not been hired.

These decisions, as well as decisions down the road on the smaller details, will affect the day to day life of the college. It will affect the Innis experience for residence and non-residence students alike.

The opinions of today's Innis students on these issues should be taken into consideration. Innis College, in fact, makes a point of stressing its policy of student/staff parity in the decision making process. At the moment however, the only Innis student who has a formal position within the planning apparatus for the new residence (the User's Committee) is Martha MacEachern, the president of the I.C.S.S. The amount of student involvement in the planning process therefore, depends on the strength of the collective student voice.

To put it simply, the student voice has not been legislated, that is formally inserted, into the planning machine. Innis College's present home is a product of that parity of which Innis is so proud. If we wish to carry the flavour of this building and this college onto the residence, we must ensure that the opinions of today's students form as instrumental a role in the planning of the residence as they did in the planning of this building. So...

The *Innis Herald* and the I.C.S.S. are interested in your opinion. If you are an Innis student, please take the time to fill out the questionnaire below. The results of this effort will play a role in the students advisory capacity with the Users Committee. Just what kind of a role depends on the

number of responses we get.

There are two questions on the form. This is what they are about:

1. The search for an architect. Jack Diamond, the architect of Innis's home on the corner of St. George and Sussex, was selected by the students and staff of the college. Ten architects were invited to the college (back then, it was in what is now the School of Graduate Studies) to make presentations of their work and give some ideas on what they would do with the project. After ten weeks of presentations, the college (staff and students) selected Jack Diamond as the architect.

The first question asks whether you, as an Innis student, would be interested in participating in this same kind of selection process for the residence architect. At this point, the search for, and selection of, the architect falls within the jurisdiction of the Users Committee and Physical Plant -- outside of any real forum for student opinion. Whether or not this can (or should) be changed depends on the kind of response we get. The I.C.S.S. has formally requested that the search for the architect be conducted in the same way it was almost twenty

years ago.

2. The location of the new residence. The two most likely locations at this stage are, the north-west corner of the Roberts Lawn (the corner of Huron and Sussex) and the south end of the parking lot on St. George across from the college (immediately south of the C.I.U.T. building). A third spot which the university is eyeing for construction but which hasn't yet been earmarked for the Innis residence, is the property which Vlad, now stands on (Glen Morris to Harbord, Spadina to the alley).

Please take the time to let us know where you stand. Although this survey is informal, it is, at this point, the only way of taking steps towards ensuring the kind of staff/student parity that is supposed to be so characteristic of this college. Let's not end up with a residence like New College.

If you have any suggestions about the new residence or about possible strategies regarding its planning and development, please include them with your completed ballot.

Ballots can be turned in at the Innis pub (at the cash window), and at the Innis College Student Society Office (Room 116).

Down with Upped Fees

Lisa Mullwyk

By this time, everyone who bothers to read the *Varsity* (I do, because I feel a weekly dose of left wing-ism makes me well-rounded) will have discovered that our own Chris Thiesen-whatever has advocated this fall's proposed 7.5% increase in tuition.

I won't elaborate on why Chris thinks we *should* have the increase; anybody who wants to know can read the January 12th issue of the *Varg*. I shall give you, however, several reasons why the increase is 'not fair'. I'll try not to whine too much.

First of all, we, as tuition payers, have no control over where our money goes. True, the Earth Sciences building needs equipment. True, the math students need TAs. But I don't care. I'm a history student. I want my fee increase to go toward providing more history tutorials.

Also, who is to say that your money will go where it *really* needed (even if you're not as selfish as I, and are willing to let Earth Sciences have equipment).

Maybe it will just go toward the choosing of the next UoT president, or similar bureaucratic...stuff that does not directly contribute to your education.

A second bad thing about the increase, as well as tuition as a whole, is that all of us in Arts and Science pay the *same* amount. In my humble estimation, it cannot possibly cost as much in terms of equipment to get a history degree

as it does to get some others. All I need is a prof, a TA, and a few books. Other courses need all sorts of computers and wind machines and God knows what. That's why tuition should be indexed -- everybody should pay in proportion to what they get. Okay, it's unrealistic, there's too much backwork etc., but you have to remember, I'm taking a similar Utopian view here as Chris took in the *Varsity*, when he claimed we'd all be "happy" (yes, happy) to pay.

My final point about the use of tuition has to do with the size of this illustrious institution. UoT is becoming a many headed monster. Of course we're short of money, we're trying to educate too many people in one place. The costs of administering all the buildings, people, and equipment would probably make us all cry inconsolably. Expansion is good, but you have to end it somewhere. It would be better to restrict the development, restrict the expansion for a while, to reduce the debt load on the University's funds. The report is that tuition fees will rise up to 7.5% across the province, but you can bet your bum that Laurentian won't have a 7.5% increase, or even close, but we'll sure as hell have to pay the maximum at UoT, partly because of our size.

So now the question is, what to do, what to do, what to do. Of course, we're virtually powerless. But I just could not sit still and listen to Chris say we'd all be happy to pay. I'm not happy. You have been given the reasons.

Residence Questionnaire

1. The Search for an Architect. Would you be interested in attending weekly presentations by ten different architects?

☐ YES I would be interested in seeing the dudes

☐ NO I would not be interested in seeing the dudes

2. The Location of the New Residence. I think the new residence should be located at:

☐ Roberts Lawn

☐ St. George parking lot

☐ Spadina and Harbord

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Mary Worth Update

A Couple of Swinging Seniors. Shipboard Romance?!?

Arthur Wilson

As the intrepid reader will recall, we left Mary in mid-November, beading for the dance floor with Grant. A lot has happened since then. As we rejoin Mary, she and Grant are still cuttin' a rug. Toby thinks it's wonderful. Ian, once again with his nose in the trough, thinks it's absurd.

for the trough. Grant picks up the lunch tab, and makes a joke about wives and marriage and money (Saunders and Ziegler, feminists extraordinaire!).

Back on board, Ian clearly doesn't like Grant. He refers to him as a "pompous tag along". But he's soon heading for the dining room, so his mood should improve. Meanwhile, it looks like Mary and

Well it's another new day, and our happy troupe is in St. Thomas. Ian's bitching as usual, but Grant and Mary are going off together. Toby says it's "Amour in bloom".

Hey! It's character development time again. Ian's opinion of Grant is changing. He thinks he's rather pathetic. Grant chased the almighty dollar all his life, and now he's friendless. (Sniff.)

Grant lives in a posh country club where he has nothing in common with his neighbors: he doesn't golf and he hates parties. He took the cruise to meet "people who can talk about something besides 'par and politics'".

Wow, Grant and Mary are back. Mary has told Grant all the reasons he should move to Santa Royale. Ian almost drops his pipe.

One day after the St. Thomas stop, Grant finds Mary on an out of the way deck. Mary claims she wasn't avoiding him. Mary wants to have a serious talk about the reputation they are building. Can you believe Toby thinks they're *actually* involved. And we know what caused that; Grant's "joke" about Mary luring him to Santa Royale. Turns out Grant's given that "joke" a lot of "serious" thought.

Yessir, Grants really thinking of moving. Mary's "pleased" at the idea of having Grant as a neighbor, or so she says. Her face again betrays her. Grant hopes he might turn into more than just the boy next store. Mary says no-way. Grant says don't make promises you can't keep. If he goes to Santa Royale, it will be to court Mary.

Looks like we're heading for a proposal.

Welllll, he kinda did, but he kinda didn't. And he won't formally do it until he's sure she'll say yes. In

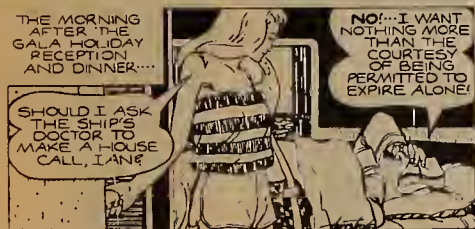
order to convince her he tell's her that no wife of his will have to work. Mary's ticked. Grant say's Jack must have left her enough money. Mary says her work makes her feel useful, even though she's got scads of dough. Grant wants to retire from retirement to take the job of making Mary happy (puke!)

So we're just before the gala holiday dinner. Mary's scared to pick up the phone. It might be Grant and she hasn't made up her mind.

Well we skipped over the holiday dinner. Ian has a whooper champagne hangover (Grant was

buying). All he wants is "the courtesy of being permitted to expire alone". Hey man, we've all been there. Seems Grant's got a whooper too, or is he avoiding Mary. Do you get the feeling we missed something? Must have been the champagne.

Ahhhhh, they were celebrating Grant's pseudo proposals. Did Mary say yes? Toby wants to know. Nope; god's Mary's clinical. If Grant moves to Santa Royale she will see him often enough to allow them both to decide whether their relationship should go beyond that of close friends.



We flash to Mary and Grant on the dance floor. Seems old Grant's become quite the hooper since his college days. Seems Grant's got another talent he'd like to show her?!?! Well shit! Just when we thought Grant was going to throw a fuck into Mary, it turns out he just wants to play tour guide on Grand Cayman Island.

So anyway, they stop at Grand Cayman, and Grant gets a great weight dig in on Ian (something about being a good floater for snorkeling). Ian's ticked off. Toby's impressed with Grant's *joie de vivre*. Of course if I'd been sleeping with Ian for ten years, a cadaver's *joie de vivre* would seem impressive.

Well Grant gives them the grand tour. Mary buys a frivolous hat. And Ian, well as usual, Ian heads

Grant have a bit of a surprise for the Cameron's.

The next real day, we have skipped over the strip dinner. Ian's heading for a pipe. Mary sends Grant with him. She wants to talk to Toby. The suspense builds.

What a let down. Turns out Grant's concerned about intruding on Ian and Toby's vacation. Yawners! Or is there more to it ... Mary says Grant doesn't want to be an 'extra wheel'. But Toby's too slick for her. She knows what we know: Grant and Mary want to be alone. So Toby graciously bows out so as not to 'cramp the style of a couple of swinging seniors'.

Toby thinks Mary and Grant are getting involved. Mary denies it. She says they're just college chums. But her eyes betray her. She wants him baaaaad.



Laura Fisher

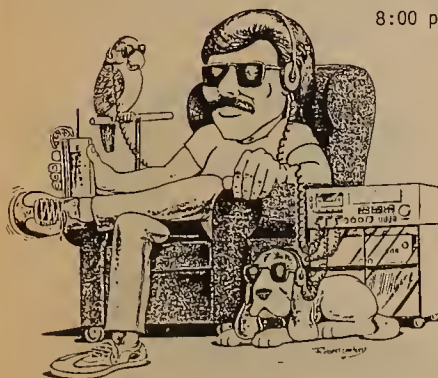
bouncing like a beachball thrown by a small child on the beach with her parents while vacationing in Sunny Florida I fell to the floor and hit my head.



innis coffee house

friday february 10, 1989

8:00 pm



HEAR IT LIVE!

innis pub,
party to follow

Thou Shalt Not Jaywalk

Blitz

If I hear about one more band with a "social conscience" I think I'll puke. What that horrible phrase seems to mean is that the band has one or two fashionably left-wing lyrics, and that after they become mega stars they might consider donating the proceeds from one gig to some trendy cause. Fuck that. (And no, I don't mean U2 -- whatever gave you that impression?) There are some exceptions, like *Midnight Oil* and *Billy Bragg*, but not many.

Then again, it's not even the bullshit that the bands spew out that bugs me so much. It's the bullshit of their fans who seem to feel that buying "The Unforgettable Fire" and going "wow, that's so true" makes them moral supermen.

Look dipsticks: spending eight bucks on a record will not get you any bonus points in Heaven. even the (for you) utterly radical step of donating the eight bucks to the United Way and taping the album off a friend doesn't amount to diddley-squat because a) eight bucks is maybe a tenth of what you spent on those totally cool acid wash jeans that you insist on wearing just to flaunt your utter lack of taste -- in other words it wasn't much of a sacrifice now was it? and b) the only change that the donation made for you was in your bank account -- you're still probably a loathsome nasecent

yuppie and you haven't learned a thing.

To me, buying and really listening to an album by say, the *Sex Pistols* or *The Replacements* or *Black Flag* or even the fucking *Grateful Dead* is a far more noble thing to do because it's not a trendy, bogus, consumerist purchase. I don't care what the cause is, if you're joining it because it's trendy, then you, my "friend", suck. Valid social change can only come after valid personal change. How can you strive to save the blacks in South Africa when you don't even know what freedom is? Freedom is the absence of outside compulsion. That compulsion can be overt -- like when the pigs toss you in jail because you'd rather use your drug of choice than theirs -- or it can be subtle like when you either dress like your friends or get ostracized. Freedom is a combination of the golden rule and Crowley's famous quote "do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law". In other words, as long as you don't hurt anyone you can do what you want and anyone who tries to limit that freedom is your enemy. Any commitments that you make must be voluntary or they are not binding. That is, if I promise my girlfriend that I will not screw around with other girls while I'm seeing her, then as a moral human I should obey that

promise. However, the law against say, jaywalking, was not made with my consent and I feel no guilt in breaking it (I mean don't be an idiot and saunter across Bloor Street during rush hour, but at two a.m. why not? A victimless "crime" is no crime).

Getting back to the original point: if you, after liberating your mind and soul from all the evil bastards who will try to drag you down to their sub-human level, choose of your own free will and conscious knowledge to enlist yourself in support of a cause, then go for it! And if you've grown that much then your contribution to the cause will probably be much more, and much more valuable than eight bucks and a smug grin. But until you've done that: you're still a mindless consumer drone. Still just another Christian and if anything could invalidate an otherwise good cause it would be to have that cause embraced by you. You are what has undermined every genuine revolutionary movement thru history from religion to politics to music. It wasn't the intellectuals who killed punk it was the sheep in combat boots. I hate you all.

Thank you and have a happy New Year (unless the idiots that you and your assinine beliefs put into power decide that '89 is the year we're all going to glow in the dark) you asked for it.

One Day in the Laundromat

Alex Russell

At the laundromat the other day, I witnessed a confrontation between two committed individuals. One of the two committed individuals was my girl friend. She was having a smoke. She was, in fact, quite committed to having a smoke. The other individual was quite committed to telling her that she couldn't. I was reading a magazine.

The magazine was Macleans. Gesturing towards the encircled crucifixion of a cigarette stuck to the wall, the fellow bade my friend extinguish hers. It was a nasty moment. You see, while the owners of the laundromat saw fit to affix the "no-smoking" sign to their wall, they never saw fit to remove the ashtrays. The ashtrays were still very much in use. While prohibited by law, smoking is accepted by convention in my laundromat.

I'm not interested in pursuing the issue of who, in this particular case, was "in the right". My friend was breaking the law, but this guy was a real asshole. It is the degree of commitment in this situation which is significant.

Specifically, it is the intensity of the non-smoker that I find worthy of investigation. When my friend made the point that people had been smoking all day in the laundromat (there were a goodly number of butts in the ashtray), our crusader gathered together the ashtrays and threw them in the garbage. I witnessed some strong and suggestive language from both parties. I think it is safe to say that the anti-smoking movement, while

not always represented quite so strongly, has gained a fair bit of force in our society.

Why is this?

The obvious cause of the recent increase in smoke-free puritanism is the discovery of the danger of second hand smoke. The non-smoker now has a right which is actually threatened by the smoker. While before, the smoker was putting only his own health at risk, he is now perceived as a health risk for others as well.

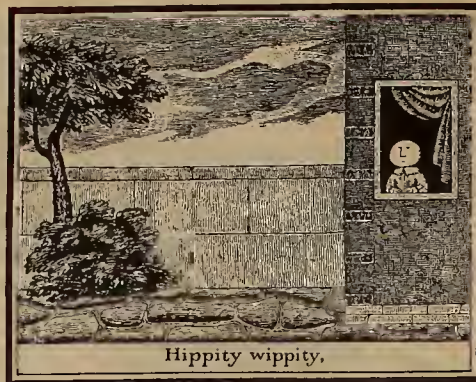
Now, I have nothing against the case of the non-smoker. Taking steps towards establishing a "smoke-free workplace" (etc.) seems a logical extension of the non-smoker's rights. But the intensity of the fellow in the laundromat intrigues me. This guy had a Cause.

For the fellow in the laundromat and others like him (and I've met others like him), the smoker is somehow less than human. The intensity of this guy's crusade — to the extent that he would throw out the ashtrays and hurl a lot of verbal abuse at us (I was somehow included in his tirade) — seemed to go beyond the actual demands of the situation. While a remotely polite request would have seen the cigarette extinguished, this guy came on spitting fire.

With the lighting of her cigarette, my girlfriend truly became the anti-christ.

Why all the hatred?

It seems to me that the attachment of this kind of hostility to the non-smoking cause is unwarranted and is indicative of a displacement of social frustration onto a socially labeled villain. This



guy in the laundromat seemed to be getting a good deal of cathartic value out of his personal crusade against smoking. The smoker has become a suitable (socially sanctioned) object for this guy's hostility and frustration. The rage and disgust which seemed so disproportionate to the actual situation, was in fact an expression of the rage and frustration this individual must carry around with him from day to day. The dirty, dangerous smoker, it seems to me, has become the cathartic tool for repressed puritans.

Let me repeat that I don't intend to attack the entire non-smoking cause with this illustration. The fact that some people make use of a valid social cause for their own neurotic gratification does not undermine the value of that cause. But the potential for social scapegoating in the clean-air movement should be borne in mind.

This is particularly true in light of other ecological, air-related issues upon which social pressure has been brought to bare.

Smoking, of course, is not responsible for acid-rain. Nor is it the cause of the green-house effect. Nevertheless, smokers are the most visible and most accessible villains in the rape of our environment. As a result, they are a tempting target for the release of the guilt and anger which we all feel (to a greater or lesser extent) over the present situation.

Let's be reasonable. Smoking is a vice. What's more, it's a vice which can have harmful effects on those who choose to avoid it. Respect of the non-smoker's right to clean air is essential. But red-faced, puritanical hatred for the smoker amounts to an undermining of his or her basic right to human dignity. The smoker is not sub-human. Treating him that way is wrong for two reasons. It will not help further the dialogue and co-operation between smokers and non-smokers, and it is an indication that bound up with the assault on the smoker is a lot of social guilt and rage which would be better off directed elsewhere.

Looking for Lucy in Butcher Shop

Brez

I walked in a field
Of uncouncted flowers
But I could not smell one.
I stood in a rain
Of uncouncted drops
But was wetted by none.

I begged the world
To pierce my heart
But it hasn't begun
To scratch the skin;
I want honest boredom
Not sardonic sin.

Save your poetic torment,
Save your bottled rage,
Save it for drunken ear
Or for a sympathetic stage.

When I tear at veneer
And reach faded vinyl
My cynicism is sadly final.



Bomb Scare at Robarts - SAC Late Again.

Artle Hanks

I was in Robarts -- for the same reason that Dante used to justify his entry into the Inferno -- when I found this conspicuous brown box. It was closed and off to the side, near where all the campus periodicals are. Robarts is an important distribution centre for the college rags. I can always rely on finding a *Medium 11* to keep me informed of floor hockey standings or an *Underground* to keep me misinformed of free speech. I thought the box could very well be an explosive device -- see, it was conspicuously inconspicuous -- it was such a bland and normal small brown box it couldn't be otherwise. So it had to be a bomb -- see, my parents' names are Lookerbic and as a continuing victim of synchronicities, I would be next in line.

I decided to open the box and get it over with. If it was a bomb, I'd be blown to bits in the Robarts Library, everyone in the foyer would puke into their briefcases and gurgle "it was so sudden" to the CITY TV Live Eye crew who park on Sussex waiting for something to happen or someone to blow up. Arafat would be notified by Joe Clark of this international tragedy and he would pledge to dispatch a hit squad of assassins to eliminate the library staff. Those folk have been asking for it, so I opened the box.

It wasn't a bomb, but the SAC

88(?)/89 Directory. Really late (as per usual). Great distribution: 1 small brown box in Robarts. Big let down. I wanted a spectacular death but found just another useless service from SAC. I looked thru it. Lots of listings of students. Phone 'em up and have lots of friends. Your choice of name, from Aalto to Zimbe. Noone named Aardvark is a student here unfortunately. Check the numbers of my friends -- I have their numbers already, otherwise they wouldn't be my friends. Some are listed. Fewer of them show 000-0000 this year. Many of the numbers are old phone numbers, like from September. Students move a lot. Nice having an out of date phone list.

Advertisements for essential student retailers and services. Cameras. Druxy's. Drug Stores. Hart House. Toronto Public Library. Exciting.

Lots of listings for Campus offices, media clubs, (the anarchists have a phone. So does the accounting Society of UofT). Many, many Christian splinter groups. They all believe in the Bible but can't agree on what it means. Many, many Communist groups too. They all read *Das Kapital* but can't agree either.

Gee, maybe I'll phone up one of these clubs. Like the Footprint Club or the Peace Mediators. Or any other one. Maybe their phone numbers are right.

School phone numbers. Maybe I'll phone up the department of my major and ask about that

exam I missed last year. Maybe. Maybe I'll just go to a class this week.

Wait, check my own number. There it is, on page "from Hal to Her:" Hanks, Arthur (that's the

name on my birth certificate: only institutions call me that). INN (my college) number: unlisted. Well, if I've got no use for the SAC Directory, maybe it's only fair that they have no use for me.



There was a young lady named Fleasger
Who was terribly, terribly eager
To be all the rage
On the tragedy stage,
Though her talents were pitifully meagre.

Romeo and Juliet, this ain't

Rick Campbell

This has been a bad month for Art. Art the thing, not Art Wilson, although it may well have been a bad month for Art Wilson, but I don't know because Art and I talk so seldom and usually about stuff totally unrelated to his private life so when I say Art I mean...

This has been a bad month for art. I mean not as far as art is concerned. As far as Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations* is concerned I guess things were never better. As a matter of fact, things are great! And as far as Kenneth Anger is concerned, art's never been so good. Why, he's exhibited here at Imis every once in a while and everybody in film knows who he is and thinks he's an

artist. Look at Andrew Lloyd Webber. Okay, don't, but I bet he thinks he's an artist and he's making a pile...Boy! Is he ever! And people think that's good. So I guess maybe it is art. Not to some highbrow who only goes to see Chekhov or socially conscious leftist stuff or strip joints...well...isn't stripping an art? Didn't Frye cover stripping pretty good? Okay, so maybe we don't hang out at the same strip joint but...I don't see them closing them down!

It may be a bad month for art if you're a starving actor. I used to be

afford bus fare to come to Toronto to try and get someone to look at your stuff? What's so romantic about Toronto come to think of it?

So the artists are loading their cameras, or pallets or stomachs or whatever, thinking about Queen Street before Club Monaco, before the Big Bop brought Burlington to the big city. Then they read this news item. Some Toronto developer wants to tear down Island Airport, put up condos and put a new airport on Leslie Street spit. It's true! Why not? Lots a jobs will be created. Economic growth, right? People in the condos will

have a nice view of the city and those cheap flights to N.Y.C., where we all want to be anyway, can go up even more. Of course we wanna be N.Y.C.! That's why we're doing this hatchet plastic surgery on the city, putting up that dome, putting homeless in breadlines and bus kiosks, increasing parking space and saying screw you to zoning and height by-laws passed in the days of Olde People City and its tiny perfect mayor. And artists are supposed to starve goddamn it! It's their lot in life! It's their fault for not taking B Com or running for king of SAC in university. And wearing all that depressing black until they get that

mini-series or take that public relations job. Who needs 'em, when you got *L.A. Law*, Andrew Lloyd Webber, Ed Mirvish and *Helldraiser!* Yeah! Gerald Rivera, and *Night Court*, and Tiffany. We all live in a yellow submarine lakefront condo supreme! Fight to get a ticket!

Art's never looked better by the way. Art Wilson I mean. See you in Massey Hall. At CATS.



Jim, Jim and the Sun

Braz

Since the sun is made of glistening gold, it can afford to sprinkle a bit on the water of the world.

Or maybe it doesn't realize that millions of pieces of gold fall from it every sunset.

Or maybe it doesn't care.

If the sun were a person I'd call it Jim because when I was small and most people seemed big I admired a few Jims.

I guess now that I so humbly think of myself as quite unsmall the sun is one of the few things I can still call Jim.

But when I think about it the Jims I admired have become much smaller over the years.

Will the sun let me down? Will the sun get in car accidents without having a license? Or will the sun marry a girl with buckteeth if I call it Jim?

I remember one in my ninth summer. He had curly hair; I like to think he was a hippie but if I think about it too much I know I'll be disappointed.

I remember the second a few birthdays later. He was on a hospital bed. He was fifteen and I couldn't wait until I was old enough to drive without a license.

I don't think either Jim would give away gold. Maybe curly Jim would - he did marry a girl with buckteeth.

What ever happened to 'Freckles'? I remember (returning to my ninth summer) when she didn't kiss me goodnight because Jim was punishing me... I wonder if I'm still looking for that kiss...

Ten years later I saw curly Jim again. His hair wasn't curly anymore. It was short. Did I mention his wife has buckteeth? 'Freckles' didn't.

Would I give away gold? Who knows; I had curly hair once and I still don't have my license.

I'll Take the Closet

Kristen Dolenko

A slanted old red brick house among many on Robert Street except there is no doorbell and there is no porchlight - Father can't spy on Amber when she comes home late on a Friday night and sits a long time in an idling black Mustang.

Father is David and Amber is daughter and they live on ground floor of the house - just them and three fat furry cats, two black, one white.

I suspect David's freeze-dried-hippie influence on Amber has been extensive when first I meet her and she is dressed - it would seem - entirely in silk scarves but for her feet, which are naked; I guess she's about fifteen.

The floors are hardly discernible as wood with all the mud and cat hair and carpenter's dust coating them like paint. But the staircase is oak and that means something. The kitchen, the bathroom, the hallway, a room: these are the spaces which I will contain and which will contain me for the next six-seven months. There are other spaces but they don't belong to me. They are padlocked on the outside and this disconcerts me; when on



the third day of living here I notice one of my beer is unaccounted for, I make a note to conform.

There are two windows now compared to only one in the last house - two windows in one room makes me feel as though I own more than I really do - I can sit and watch the street below and the sky across and around and pretend it all involves me somehow. When a hide and seek sun lights up the bellies of seagulls against a day-black sky, there is nothing more to need.

On either side of me, there behind the padlocked doors - Hin and Steve - Steve took my beer, hin lives in a closet and there are three cats downstairs.

Why I Date an Italian - The first in the *Why I...* series

Karen Sumner

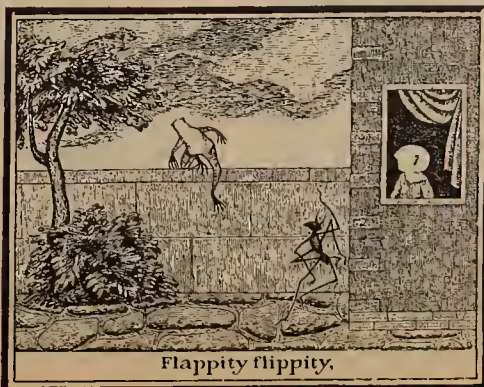
First of all, they have enough hair on their bodies to clothe the hungry. Sure, it takes some getting used to. It's a bit of a shock the first time you locate a lost earring embedded in his calf hair. But then you get used to searching his body for small household appliances that have gone missing. For instance, the mystery of who borrowed our blender was solved just last night. Of course, there are drawbacks too. Who needs to encounter a dangerous object such as this whilst in the throes of passion? And what if he takes a bath and accidentally plugs it in?

But wet Italians are not the only hazard. The dry Italian can present a danger more insidious than his wet counterpart. Just as the threat of mental illness looms in the background when it exists in the family history of one's partner, an

Italian's girlfriend lives in constant fear of the ever present peril of accidental combustion. Hairy guys burn fast. If he smokes, I won't even get involved; the stress would kill me. Don't get me wrong -- I like to lose myself in a guy's chest. And Italians have even more to offer than this mass of curly, sexy, tangled, dense, Amazon rainforest of love. My historio-socio-politico-geographic research has proven that in every good Italian man there burns the everlasting passionate flame of the great Roman rulers. The Romans were great conquerors (I should know) and that means something.

My advice to fellow females? Go ahead, try one out; it's not easy but it may well be worth it. Besides, he may come with a range of accessories to be discovered at your leisure.

Next month: "Why I use rechargeable batteries."



Flappity flippity.

Xenophon and Og

A column addressing the metaphysical, physical and just plain absurd.

O: Our first question this month is 'Are toasters intelligent?'

X: Well, we ask, what do toasters do? They burn things.

O: And how many unique letters are there in the word. Six, that's how many: 'TOASER'. Now if we divide this residuum after the second letter, the number of letters that are repeated, we get 'TO ASER'.

X: Ominous, isn't it?

O: Our research indicates that Asar was a demon prince in the myth cycle of a nomadic tribe in Mesopotamia. This demon prince was in tow of you know who - his name forms the etymological root of many other demon gods, or generally evil things.

X: Having got this far, we placed the remainder 'ST' at the end of our phrase 'TO ASER ST'. This didn't make any sense, so we dropped the whole idea.

O: We decided to try a more practical approach, and test a toaster's intelligence directly. Unable to find a standardized test for this we decided to formulate our own. We used a General Electric pop-up toaster, and a Toaster Oven for a control. We presented the toaster with a piece of mouldy bread, an Income Tax Return, and the complete works of Gottfried Leibniz. It burnt all of them. We figured this was a pretty intelligent response.

X: So toasters are intelligent. Failing that, they are probably

instruments of the devil, seeing as how they burn things, and the 'TO ASER' message. Moreover, in the theological works of Poltrinus the younger, Poltrinus asks what sustains the fires of hell, and proving that an infinite amount of brimstone would obscure the stars and cause the heavens to be totally black, turns to toasters for a solution. Toasters, he reasons, are generally shiny, and the surplus of toasters that is required for backup constitutes the infinity of stars. But whether this negative theology is true or not, toasters are definitely demonic and therefore have some intelligence. Evil things can't be stupid.



O: Our next question is 'Is cheese good?' Well this depends on the type of cheese. Toasted cheese, as has been shown above, cannot possibly be good. The oily slime that appears on the surface of the cheese is a strong indicator of this.

X: Toasted cheese however, is quite different than the baked

cheese that is found on pizza. Cheese on pizza is infinitely good. This is because the pizza as a construct of reality is good, a fact which is signalled by the double 'zz', 'zz' in the word. This is the 'zz' of sleep, and since sleep is good, pizza and everything that constitutes it is good. The more pizza, the more sleep.

O: Now according to scripture cheeses is innately good. But this does not suffice for an explanation. We must look at the use of cheese in history.

X: Here we do not mean to address the use of cheese in the actual historical events; the enormous influence of cheese in history has been more than adequately addressed elsewhere. We mean to look at cheese as a fundamental movement of history.

O: Our entry into this discussion is through the phrase 'Very Cheesy'. Now this got us to thinking about where we have heard this phrase.

X: We were immediately recalled to the source, and our next thought was 'Lasagna, chili, chili, lasagna'.

O: That is to say, the eternal recurrence.

X: Now it is obvious that cheese is fundamental to one half of this dialectical movement. So cheese is essential to the eternal recurrence, which makes it very important, and therefore essentially good.

O: But this brings us to our next question, 'Should philosophers drink wine?'

X: Well yes, obviously.

O: In fact this is one of the few

uncontestable axioms of any good philosophical system.

X: So the more the merrier.

O: We were willing to leave this answer in the dust but then we realized that more was happening here. We were approaching a fundamental and basic fact that was incredibly important.



X: Wine goes with cheese; wine goes with lasagna; wine goes with philosophy -

O: Wine provides the synthesis of the dialectical movement that we had teased out earlier. In the locus of philosophizing and the existential field of the philosopher, wine provides an opening which allows for the synthesis of the movements of history, or any other movements which happen to be occurring at the time.

X: Now that we have sewn up the gustatory dialectic of spirits and spirits we can answer the next question, 'Is taste taste?' I think yes, but only if it's good, and only if it's the right one.

O: It's also important that it be spelled the same way if taste is to be taste, for if taste wasn't taste then it couldn't exist as taste or be taste, or be tasted, for that matter, so taste couldn't be taste, it would be tasteless.

X: Taste in general, though, can be equated with itself, although we can't really say that they are the same thing because 'taste' and 'taste' refer to different things and serve different functions in the question. So taste is taste but they aren't the same one. The 'taste as taste' is different from 'taste' or the 'taste of taste' or 'taste being equal to taste'. So yes, but no.

O: Now we can ask, 'Which is better, faith or vitamins?'

X: Obviously vitamins. Faith requires vitamins, but not vice versa. Without vitamins there wouldn't be any people, and there wouldn't be any faith.

O: Vitamins can be taken without having any faith whatsoever, so they are obviously more autonomous than faith, and therefore more important.

X: This enforces some conclusions that we reached above. Cheese, wine, lasagna, chili and philosophers are just loaded with vitamins, so they must be important to history.

O: Now we reach the penultimate question, 'Are movies the same as reality?' to which we say, not usually.

X: However when we reach the end of history, under the synthetic influence of wine, movies will reach their true unheralded status as reality, and supplant our current reality with one that progresses at a more reasonable rate, 24 times slower than our present one, a reality which lets us enjoy our taste that much more and be that much better.

Readers! Please send in your questions. We want to answer them.



Madame O _____ in conversation with an erstwhile cousin



saw that his moustache was not his own.

Girl 9, Gives Birth to Giant Rat

Yukie Koglin

y: You, dodot, still in school?

d: Oh yes! Stimulating. Unlike the Annex.

y: The Annex, wha...

d: Everyone, you see, acts like a tourist in there, cappuccino, popcorn, fashion, you know.

y: Ob roles, you're existentialist.

d: No, I'm with an underground resistance of environmental revolutionaries, existentialists, as called for by Jacques Cousteau many years ago.

y: And what do you do?

d: You know I was in Kierkegaard and Nietzsche class not one week ago and the teacher mentioned the Socrates' soul before birth and subsequent birth trauma for 'fulness story to the class and then we and everyone laughed in a very drawing room way about birth trauma in general and be moved on.

y: So, what, you believe in reincarnation? Keep it to yourself.

d: Well I don't know. But bow the hell do they know it isn't true?

y: It's just a story alright, Socrates was just making a point.

d: That still doesn't deny its possibility.

y: Hey, I don't know where you grew up but we're all kinda Christian around here and the Western mind-set says: heaven yes - reincarnation no.

d: Hey, Kerouac said: "blowjobs yes - assholes nooo..."

y: So why don't you get a talk show - Heraldodot... "Anarchistic transexuals before their final operation and their views on reincarnation."

d: See, it's not reincarnation, it's the possibility. This prof tells us that the e-word means freedom etc. blahblah - and a minute later he's laughing with the gang and don't tell me that if I had stood up there and then and said "parapsychology", that I would have gotten - he's nuts twirling fingers - and queerness from the prof that he has an Enquiring minds want to know witchdoctor in the third row.

y: You do card tricks too?

d: Yeah, yeah, see they say "Environmental", "self-deception", "freedom" but then they all ridicule some poor guy who doesn't rip his jeans and want a CAREER.

y: And you'd like them to say... "Abracapocus... Hocuscada..."

d: And that's why we're terminal pal. People say, "yeah-yeah five more minutes [in this warm bed] and I'll stop being an android."

y: You mean we've already developed artificial intelligence?

d: Yes, but the ozone interferes with it.

y: So, where do dead people go?

d: They go to a halfway point and then are evaluated on the basis of their progress on Earth and then either progress to senior kindergarten or go back for some more fingew painting, or if they really fucked-up (you know, like Adolf) they go way back to cockroach city.

y: And Elvis?

d: Well, let's not throw the bible all the way out the... uh...

y: O.K. It's also a possibility, but there's also a thing called infinity, and we need some roots upon which to create metaphors in our poems.

d: Well, you don't have to consider every possibility after death, just that while you are living you must always remain free to your own se...

y: Aht! -convention? Huh!?

d: Oh yeah, we're talkin' Shriner,

d: Well, let's not throw the bible all the way out the... uh...

y: So when did you develop A.I.?

d: When I found out that my car insurance would cost \$2100.00 a year and so I'll drop out and work in a bank or some such place and stop thinking in general or I ain't gettin' nowhere.

(Conversation actually took place just outside of where the Annex stops, actually, Jean Dodot is currently losing his accent in a bank.)



The Joy of Histrionics

Steve Gravestock

In the 60's, Jean-Luc Godard was the most inventive, radical, innovative filmmaker around. Although his work was instantly recognizable, he virtually reinvented himself with each new film. By the time he returned to feature filmmaking after a ten year hiatus, he'd become a tired, crabby hack. He was prone to whining incessantly about today's youth and was unable to finish a film -- due to obvious lack of interest and energy -- unless threatened by a lawsuit. (Here I depend on the most reliable authority on Godard on either side of the Atlantic: me.) Pedro Almodóvar is a reincarnated, revitalized Godard. Like Godard, Almodóvar has the same post-modernist love of artifice. His latest film *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* -- includes a model of an apartment building presented as reality and a beautifully fake view from his heroine's terrace. Both are reminiscent of the globe at the conclusion of *Band of Outsiders*. However, Almodóvar's sensibility

is completely different. Where Godard was fond of portentous philosophical meditation, Almodóvar clearly, honestly loves trash, excess and the emotional pull and truth in melodrama. (He started out in comic strips.) His last film -- *Law of Desire* -- was about the uncontrollable character of love and lust. *Women* is a paean to excess, artifice and histrionics.

His love of artifice -- and the life he sees in it -- is evident from the opening credits. Stills of lavishly, jauntily costumed models are superimposed over broad strips of colour. A huge garish jewel on one of their hands sparkles; the drops of water on a flower one of them is wearing, glisten. The women in the film aren't conventionally pretty; they're stunning because of their love of artifice, their conceptions of themselves, and their excesses. Candela (María Barranco) is most appealing when she's describing a torrid love affair; Lucia (Julietta Serrano) -- the villainess -- looks glorious when she charges off to kill Ivan (Fernando Guillén) who jilted her twenty years ago.



Basically, the film is about Pepa (Carmen Maura) and her attempts to deal with Ivan's sudden, cowardly departure. (She is also Ivan's ex-lover.) An actress in TV commercials and dubber, Pepa is Almodóvar's heroine because she's the queen of grand gestures. She's always operating at a high emotional pitch and is always up for costume changes. After

dressing demurely for a meeting with a lawyer, Pepa barrels home and changes into a flaming red get-up just to throw out Ivan's belongings. At the same time, she's always humane. When Lucia takes off to murder Ivan, Pepa pursues her in order to prevent her. Pepa's the ideal jilted lover.

For Almodóvar, histrionics have to be sincere though. Sincerity is

what separates Ivan and Pepa. Ivan is all gimmicks and suave one-liners. He's not attached or committed to what he says at all. Almodóvar clearly draws the battle along gender lines but it's generally applicable. Everybody loves a good, juicy role.

Generically, *Women* is a mix of Restoration comedy and 1950's Hollywood melodrama. In Restoration comedy, details return frantically for comic effect but here the melodramatic excesses give the conventions psychological impact and accuracy. Pepa leaves a note begging Ivan to see her; Lucia trashes it. Later a garbageman picks it up and reads it as Pepa passes. She can't seem to escape Ivan no matter what she does. A running joke about a cab driver whose taxi is equipped with everything contributes to the general air of impudence. He carries a sign that reads "Gracias por Fumas" ("Thank-you for Smoking"). Details return for comic and thematic effect. They're not just gags. Almodóvar's mind spins wildly but it spins in context. It's the sign that a director is working at the peak of his talent. *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* is Robin Williams impersonating Douglas Sirk filming a Congreave play in a *Better Homes and Gardens* penthouse after eating a crate of mushrooms.

"I'm Not a Cool Guy Anymore"



Blitz

Unkind people would say that it's really stupid to review an album that's over a year old, especially since the band that recorded it doesn't even exist anymore. Well, fuck yuz all (as the Problem Children would say). I mean, the fact is that no matter how old the album is, probably none of you people own it, or have even heard of it, so while I may be accused of being retrospective, at least I ain't redundant.

The album in question is *Liveage* by the Descendents (who kind of turned into All, but that's another story), and it's so good that you should all go and buy it right now.

See, the Descendents were a California punk band who had the knack of writing brilliantly catchy punk-pop anthems. Some of the best songs of the '80s underground were penned by these guys, tunes that had you humming along after one hearing and worshipping by the third hearing. Yes, they were that good. Think of prime Underones prime (i.e. *Road to Ruin*) Ramones but even better.

The problem is that while they wrote great songs, they also wrote some mediocre stuff. Thus, their studio albums would have a fifty-fifty ratio between genius and filler, which was a bit annoying. I mean, going from pop nirvana to routine slampunk in the space of two songs pisses me off.

By contrast, the live album has all the best tracks from their studio work. Oh sure, they missed some stuff, and there is a bit of filler, but the ratio is much improved.

As well, the band's performance

is smoking -- they crackle with energy, and are tight enough to set your watch by. Singer Milo Aukerman sounds hoarse but still melodic (he's been called the "Frank Sinatra of punk" -- which is kinda strange) and he sounds like he really believes in what he's singing.

So what is he singing about, you ask? Well, girls and growing up and betrayal and all that standard stuff, but done well. No lie -- "Wendy" and "Get the Time" in particular are awesome, classic teen anthems. Textbook examples of what rock songwriting is all about. Likewise, "Coolidge" and "Clean Sheets" are wonderful songs with slightly more mature themes and arrangements. Not that the Descendents got wimpy or boring as they grew -- they still kick your ass and force the melodies into your head, it's just that those melodies are a bit more complex and the ass-kicking is a bit more subtle. As well, their lyrics on the later tunes are -- oddly enough for a punk band -- mature and well thought out. "Coolidge" renounces punk's clichéd nihilism, and -- I think -- deserve to be

quoted:

I'm not a cool guy anymore
Left it behind me, closed the door
...I was my worst enemy
It almost got the best of me
What was I thinking of?
It couldn't stay the way it was
I looked up one day and saw that
It was up to me
You can only be a victim if you
Admit defeat.

This is the Descendents trademark: while they were always "sophisticated" they were honest, and in the end that's what makes this album so worth owning: they believe in what they're doing, and they do it for love. The fact that they're so good at their jobs doesn't hurt either.

The simple fact is that the Descendents were one of the best American bands of the eighties, and this album captures them in their glory, proving once again that rock 'n' roll may not save the world, but it sure as hell makes life a lot more fun. This is a far more important band than any bunch of poseurs like U2, because they celebrated music above image, and youth against middle-aged blather. Oh yeah: they were anti drugs, too -- ain't that trendy?



Why the Dead Should Play Varsity Stadium



Artie Hanks

Why the Grateful Dead should play Varsity Stadium is a question that needs to be answered. For the benefit of every student politician who believes that an Andy Cash / Jitters double bill is the epitome of entertainment. A Grateful Dead concert represents a satisfying alternative. More than just a band, the Grateful Dead (henceforth Dead) are an environment, a lifestyle and a psycho organic specimen. Consequently, any venue that hosts the Dead is automatically enhanced into something greater than what it purports to be. The University of Toronto, its lustre tarnished, needs this band to play here. There are a goodly number of reasons.

In light of Varsity Stadium's loss of the Vanier Cup game (to the SkyDome) nothing important beneathfoot will be happening in that old stadium. Sure, there will be Blues games and Blizzard games but given the low attendance at these events, the University may as well destroy the whole stadium and replace it with a new Law Library. An annual Dead show to replace the Vanier would fill this venue. Subsequent concerts by other acts would rejuvenate the stadium and give it new purpose.

UoT often claims to be the "Harvard of the North". To be a real Ivy League school, the university should imitate its American Blueblood Brethren and invite the Dead to play on campus. Look, the Dead have played archetypically hot shows at Cornell, Princeton, and Harvard itself. Neat. Lest anyone forget, the Dead have played Toronto many times

before, and once even, at Seneca College (1977). The University Students Administrative Council should salvage its pride and stave off future embarrassment by getting a Dead show of their very own.

For those politicians unconcerned with services or the bottom line (the Dead are consistent top concert grossers) but have some noble sense of values, a Dead show could be held as a charity event. The Dead like doing benefits; most recently the rainforest benefit shows at New York last September. The Grateful Dead like Trees, and maybe, had they been enticed to play sooner, could have prevented the deforestation of Philosophers' Walk.

Outside of doing a benefit show for the homeless (like sending all the proceeds to the Physical Plant so they can loudrive all heating vents on campus), the appearance of the Grateful Dead at Varsity Stadium could almost immediately solve the student housing crisis. Students will have a lot of good clean fun at the event, and will be exposed to the road/nomad subculture that has associated itself with the Dead. Once the band leaves Toronto for the next city on their tour itinerary (Buffalo say, or Philly or hey! Scarborough and Etindale!) everyone will leave with them. Then UoT and SAC will not have to worry about the problem of giving 20,000 undergraduates the education or services they deserve, and concentrate instead on administering and erecting buildings which they will name after themselves. (Like the George Connell Sports Dome or the Bill Gardner Photocopy Palace).

The Obscured and Unexpected

Burkhard

Yet more *short* comments on a few records for your listening pleasure.

- 1) 3 MUSTAPHAS 3
LP: *SHOPPING*
Ace Records/Sanachie/Import

Because the 7 guys that make up the Mustaphas resist any attempt to pin down their origin, let's just mention that they are from somewhere in the Balkans. You can expect authentic traditional eastern European songs blended with African juju, Latin salsa and American funk! The Mustaphas' slogan, *forward in all directions!* somehow reflects their intelligent and enjoyable fusion of different musical styles. This record is strongly recommended for all of you that have grown tired of rock 'n' roll and want to explore the ethnic circles. A sample of the Mustaphas' live performance can be heard on CBC (94.1 FM), January 27th at 10:30 p.m.

- 2) VARIOUS ARTISTS
LP: *FUTURISM AND DADA*
REVIEWED
Sub Rosa/Import

This recording includes artists such as Kurt Schwitters, Jean Cocteau, Luigi Grandi, Richard Huelsenbeck, Marcel Russolo and others. Although the performances took place between 1921 and 1959, they seem rather ageless. Only people with an open mind to experimental sounds and fans of



dadaism and futurism will really enjoy this album. My roommate reminded me not to go crazy by listening to the mixture of English, German and Italian noise.

- 3) VARIOUS ARTISTS
LP: *NICARAGUAN FOLK MUSIC FORM MASSAYA*
Flying Fish/Import

A U.S. embargo still prohibits the import of records and tapes from Nicaragua. Thus, a fellow called T.M. Scruggs recorded live performances and put them on vinyl in the States. The result represents a mix of lively marimba trios, guitar duos and brassbands from Massaya, which, only a few miles from the capital city of Managua, is the epicentre of Nicaraguan marimba music. The special attraction of this album is that the music is played for the music's sake and not for some kind of political message or monetary greed. Thus, you'll hear genuine, enthusiastic and delightful Latin folk music.

Continued Swanage Essential

Michael Edwards

One of the most trying things about the new year period is the sudden and very bothersome proliferation of lists. You know, "Top 10's", "What Was Hot in '88", "The Year in..." ...the list is almost nauseating.

Well, it has been a few weeks, so I decided it was safe for another. Hours of painstaking research and deliberation went into preparing this, the **INNIS HERALD BESTSELLERS OF '88** Fiction and Non-Fiction

1. *The Meaning of Liff* - Douglas Adams & John Lloyd
2. *The Girls of Mensa* - Published by Playboy magazine
3. *Generation of Swine* - Hunter S. Thompson
4. *The Art of the Deal* - Donald Trump
5. *A Brief History of Time* - Stephen Hawking
6. *Vanna Speaks* - Vanna White
7. *Behind the Candelabra*: My Life With Liberace - Scott Thorson
8. *Scary Kisses* - Brad Gooch
9. *Prime Time* - Joan Collins and Rock Star - Jackie Collins
10. *Cat's Eye* - Margaret Atwood

The books I have chosen all have one thing in common - their undeniably important contributions, both to mankind and to modern literature.

But, more importantly, they all possess a remarkable practicality, a day-to-day usefulness that cannot be denied. Want to make a billion dollars? Ever wonder about quantum mechanics? Want to know the average breast size of women with 160-plus IQs? These books will tell you everything you need to know.

It is because of this emphasis on the practical that Adams' and

Lloyd's *The Meaning of Liff* was my number one choice for 1988. This book is, quite simply, a dictionary. But it is to dictionaries what *Deep Throat* was to porno films. I predict that this book will have enormous impact on the English language as we know it.

In the preface, Adams and Lloyd tell us that, "In Life, there are many hundreds of common experiences, feelings, situations and even objects which we all know and recognize, but for which no words exist."

The illustrious authors also feel that the world is just littered with spare words which do nothing but "loaf around on signposts". They decided to take these words and, with great care, match them up with the aforementioned experiences, feelings, situations, and so on.

Here are just a few of the useful and intriguing definitions in *The Meaning of Liff*:

LIFF (n.) A book, the contents of which are totally belied by its cover.

QUOYNESS (n.) The hatefulness of words like "relicious" and "easiephit".

BRADWORTHY (n.) One who is skilled in the art of naming loaves.

BURES (n. medical) The scabs on knees and elbows formed by a compulsion to make love on cheap floor-matting.

OZARK (n.) One who offers to help just after all the work has been done.

PAPWORTH EVERARD (n.) Technical term for the third take of an orgasm during the making of a pornographic film.

LUFFNESS (n.) Hearty feeling that comes from walking on the moors with gumboots and cold ears.

NACTION (n.) The 'n' with which cheap advertising copywriters replace the word 'and' (as in fish 'n' chips, assault 'n'

battery) in the mistaken belief that this is in some way chummy or endearing.

SHRIVENHAM (n.) One of Germaine Greer's used-up lovers.

WATH (n.) The rage of Barbara Walters.

SCRABSTER (n.) One of those dogs which has it off on your leg during tea.

TODDER (n.) One whose idea of a good time is to stand behind his front hedge and give surly nods to people he doesn't know.

Imagine the time saved, the conversational difficulties avoided, if all of the English-speaking peoples of the world were to memorize and learn the usage of the words in this book!

I've already found it useful in numerous situations. Here's an example of how it could come in handy:

"My host's kirbies gave me a terrible chipping ongar, which made me launch a huge glossop while prodding my hoylake. This made continued swanage essential. All the while, the old baughurst's scrabster never stopped. At the same time, her hagnaby dayhter started to simprin, and her lusby and budby gave me a terrible stabbing. My imagining sligo only made matters worse!"

I'm sure that by now no one would argue my number one choice for 1988. *The Girls of Mensa* was a real masterpiece, but *The Meaning of Liff* will change the world. May you have a solent 1989.

(We regret to inform the author that Adams' and Lloyd's *The Meaning of Liff* hit the stands long before 1988 hit the calendars. We feel, however, that you probably knew this and were simply making the point that such a work is timeless. -eds.)

Deep Star Six: The Submerged Prometheus

Nell Dunlop

The common viewer might say that Tri-Star Pictures' latest release, *Deep Star Six*, is one of the most pathetic attempts at a horror picture they have ever seen. (Come now, more horrible than, let's say, Scott Baio and David Hasselhoff - that's right, of "Nightrider" fame - starring in a made for TV movie where they tour around singing and competing for the love of Natalie from "the Facts of Life") I did, however, say the common viewer. The less sophisticated would see the atrocious acting, the bogus script and the stupid plot and write the film off, laughing. But that would be a waste of \$6.50.

The more sophisticated movie goer will see the movie for what it is. What it is is an incredibly well disguised metaphor for the great classical myth of Prometheus.

Prometheus was a god who stole fire from heaven and gave it to mankind, but the agents of heaven capture Prometheus and chain him to a mountain where his insides are eaten by a vulture. Director Sean S. Cunningham has played with the myth a little - part of the disguise - but as the director of the

original *Friday the 13th* he is allowed his art.

In *Deep Star Six* heaven has become the U.S. Navy as the action takes place six miles deep on the ocean floor. The Navy has commissioned a team of inspired scientists and career Navy men to build a missile base on the ocean's floor. The team is close to completion when, unfortunately, they reach an impasse. It seems the work has taken place over an incalculably huge cavern.

The crazed, success driven scientist in charge, ignores all warnings and decides to collapse the cave with a nuclear bomb. In other words, he steals fire from heaven (Navy, top-side) and gives it to his nincompoop crew (humans) who blow up the cave and release the monster. The monster, a sightless set of terrifying jaws, proceeds to eat their guts out. Beautiful, really. An incredible adaptation of a timeless theme. Don't miss it. It is the most creative and soul-stirring film of our generation. Sadly, the less cultured of you will skip it because it is brilliantly incognito as another run-of-the-mill brainless B-movie that will appear on video by month's end.

ENVIRONMENT

New Recycling Program at Innis

Milena Dolezel

The other day a dear friend of mine informed me of his dismay for those who proceed to talk alot about a certain problem or issue, but never seem to take any action on rectifying the unjust situation.

I, fortunately, took it to heart. You see, I believe I was one of those pathetic individuals. The problem which I spoke most frequently about was the accumulated waste of resources in the garbage in the Innis Café. The solution was to implement some kind of recycling

program, which would at the very least decrease the amount of garbage and in turn, benefit the surrounding ecology. The initial "action", however, could only occur with the help of some admirable people (listed below) and although it is already now January, let me just say that it is better late than never!

So the next time you come to the Pub to read, perhaps, the weekly campus papers or to buy a juice or a pop to accompany a game of euchre, hearts or rummy, please do remember to place these recyclable items into the appropriate "blue boxes".

Yet in order for this system to work effectively, one must not contaminate the collectable recyclable goods found in the various blue boxes with items such as: plastics (e.g. containers or drinking straws), lids of any kind, bond (e.g. lined paper), glossy magazine paper (or condoms - ed.). As you can see, this program is dependent upon the cooperation of all Innisites and their friends.

Many thanks go out to Artie, Kim, Des and Chris for their artistic endeavours, Yvan and his car, Mike and Catherine for being there at the right place at the right time, Helen, and last but not least Rick.

Anyone interested in becoming a member or volunteer of the Innis College Recycling Committee (ICRC) should call me at 922-3646.



Next time you're telling your friend
about that impossible essay—
try telling someone who can help.

978-4871 Innis Writing Lab

Recycling at the Innis Café

90% of Trees Live Below Poverty Line



Cheri Burda

Getting involved with an environmental group has introduced me to many wonderful people. Dedicated environmentalists are always happy to accept young keeners like myself and help us to get into the field (forest and wasteland for that matter). One particular individual became my close personal friend. He would spend his lunch hours helping me with school papers and filling me in on environmental politics. I would respond as enthusiastically as possible, knowing he would probably rather have been across the street sneaking a quick noon hour brew with his environmental colleagues. No doubt he was just as plagued with his own life of endless work.

Yet he loved his work. He loved his eternal projects. His projects were his babies, but they often grew into giants which would consume him, his time his energy, but not his integrity. His latest endeavour involved organizing

other environmental groups to engage in one mass project aimed at funding and creating a proper public education program for recycling. Apparently the original producers who were responsible for the Toronto recycling project spent their money on a grand advertising scheme and forgot about education. They forgot that much of Toronto's population does not speak English and cannot understand the ads. They forgot that most Torontonians have never recycled anything in their lives and haven't the slightest notion as to why they should start now. They forgot that separation techniques need to be explained clearly, and they created a really lame flyer to accompany the blue box -- an ambiguous blurb about lids and labels or something.

So all the money went to some creative genius and a series of flashy ads with an animate wide-eyed floppy-eared blue box eager to eat anything in its dish. Hungry "blue" implores you from TV, from billboards and the bus stop.

"Feed Blue!" Residents have responded well to the scheme. They zealously stuff their plastic replicas (dog-face not included) with plastic shampoo bottles and greasy pizza boxes. No problem. I wonder how soon we get a new incinerator.

I digress. Allow me to get on with a point. In the excitement of prime-time entertainment, the public missed the message. Now someone must adopt the less glamorous duty of educating the public ... properly. That someone, of course, is my trasbiphilic (garbage-loving) friend. However, his efforts certainly will not render him with a million dollar budget; he will be lucky to receive a paycheck ... this year. Yes, environmentalists are some of the poorest people on the earth today. Unless you are involved in technical stuff like engineering new landfills, the average tree-hugger trying to prevent environmental degradation.

Anyway, recognizing the amount of work which lay ahead for my friend, I decided to call him at his organization and volunteer some time. He wasn't there. He had been laid off. Laid off on the grounds that the environmental group couldn't afford to pay him. Laid off because the government only funds those groups which remain within the realm of politically acceptable research. Laid off because the average person would rather see money invested in a dome stadium than in our environment. LAID OFF -- a euphemism for "Cheri, get the hell out of Environmental Science if you don't want to eat Campbell's soup for the rest of your life".

Fruit not Nukes

Dianne Siya

Have you ever eaten watermelon? Have you ever pinched one of those little black seeds between your thumb and forefinger and let 'er rip? Well, after discovering the speed with which it flies across the table and hits your friend in the eye, did you ever stop to think of the possibilities that lie in those little buggers as an alternative energy source? Oooh those beasties can soar!!

Consider the seed's design. They are conveniently small sized, lightweight and aerodynamic in shape. Just think of the possibilities! If these small propellants are placed in between a small contractable opening and 'pinched' much like the action one makes with one's fingers, the energy released through multiple firings of these projectiles could be harnessed.

Picture a small car which runs on either mandarin or watermelon

seeds. It would be an absolutely environmentally safe safe vehicle. The exhaust system would, naturally, be aimed such that the seeds would be projected and then collected along the side of the roads. This would provide for much need employment opportunities.

Concerns have been raised about the safety of the exhaust mechanism. Many owners of small animals and parents with small children worry about the possibility of their loved ones straying too close to the road. This may result in their being pelted by the exhaust and may cause undue confusion not to mention wetting. Safety guidelines will have to be established to avoid this hazardous situation. Solutions are encouraged and all will be considered. The state of our environment forces all to consider many energy alternatives.

Watermelons and mandarins forever.

THE WAKE live from the SAC Hangar Feb. 9th, 8:00 till closing RELEASED AND UNRELEASED LIVE DEAD

Selections from over 100 tapes * Requests accepted * Only excellent audience tapes will be played * Videos will accompany selected songs * Lots of dance space

All Welcome - Come and DANCE

NO COVER
BUT DONATIONS ACCEPTED FOR TEMAGAMI
WILDERNESS SOCIETY

SPORTS

OOF !!

Martha MacEachern

With 27 games, and a healthy 23-4 record already under their belt, the Screaming Beagles are looking forward to continued success in this 1989 volleyball season. Improved defensive strategy, and an extremely positive attitude, combined with the spiking, setting and serving talent of such players as Esther Levesque, Dawn Skinner and Anne O'Connell, have been the key factors in the Beagles' success thus far. (Not to mention the addition of three brand spankin' new balls, and of course, those lovely new uniforms!)

Upcoming games include a January 30th road trip to face the

Beagles' long time Scarborough rivals, followed a week later by the toughest game of all against Erindale's best. But, have no fear - this is definitely a championship team who are well on their way to a championship year!

In addition to the veteran Beagle squad, the competition now has a second Innis team to contend with. The Innis Slammers (Division 2) have had an equally productive season. The all-rounder line-up, led by veteran Sally Kerwin, (is that so, Martha? -ed) has shown great promise in their first 5 games and are looking forward to continued success in the coming weeks.

As always, spectators are more than welcome, so come out and help cheer both teams on to victory! Just check the chalk board for game times. Good luck to all!



Andrea Lennox. Sleek legs.

SMACK !!

Eric Lee

The second half of the hockey season is now well under way for the Innis Whalers. The team has maintained a ten game unbeaten streak thus far, posting two ties and one win since Christmas. The ties came against Medicine (1-1) and Phys.Ed (4-4). It should be noted, however, that the Whalers had the game against Phys.Ed all sewn up with three minutes to go, when the officials decided to bestow a belated Christmas present upon the spoiled jocks from the Benson building.

Captain Greg Sutton was standing in front of the opposing net (doing absolutely nothing) when the referee called a high-sticking penalty against him. Since

Greg's stick was well below his waist at the time, assistant captain Rob Stanley questioned the official's viewpoint. The official was in no mood to argue and quickly ordered Rob off to keep Greg company. With the combination of a two minute advantage and an extra skater to replace the goalie, Phys.Ed scored two quick goals to tie the game at four. However the Whalers can sleep peacefully with the knowledge that, under normal circumstances, they would have come away with two points.

The whalers' most recent game was a 5-3 victory over their arch rivals from Trinity. This was a particularly satisfying victory as Innis has struggled in the past against the T-Hounds.

The Whalers now look to finish the season with a bang and hopefully will claim the Division II hockey championship for the first time in Innis hockey history.

MAMMA MIA !!

Eaton Donald

Alas stange, but nevertheless true, basketball fans, the unavoidable fall from grace has stricken the Innis Sultans' basketball squad. It was a tragedy on par with Romeo and Juliet, Daedulus flying to close to the sun, Pan-Am flight 102, and me breaking my ankle. The evil came from the hand of the college we have come to know and (puke) love as Scarburbia. It was a

narrow defeat with all around strong performances by Alex "the barge" Dodd, Willie, Toney, Jeff, Ben and Greg. And of course Siggins "Air Moyo" also made an appearance. Sadly, Neil "nothing but oct" Dunlop was absent, shooting baskets with the Lakers. It was such a profound upset. Mark P. was quoted saying "I can't *??* believe it!"

The team has since rebounded from the oh-so-rare loss and has come back to destroy New College

(snicker, snicker) and set Engineering on fire with a display of power that would have reduced Mt. Kilmanjaro to sand. As well, with a soon to be injury-free Sultan squad, a collision course has been set with stardom. So, all you closet basketball fans, come out and share a slice of the Victory Pie.

Stay tuned in the weeks to come and witness Innis, with their basketballs bent on revenge, humble Vic, Devo, Emmanuel, the New York Nicks and the mcname, Scarburbia College.



The Screaming Beagles and one of the new balls.

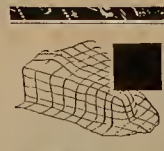
Mon., Wed., Fri. 9-5
Tue. 9-1, Thurs. 1-5

Plat

Brin

Time: 7:00 pm - 10:00 pm

Bring your best and bring all of it.



There was a young curate whose brain
Was deranged from the use of cocaine;
He lured a small child
To a copse dark and wild,
Where he beat it to death with his cane



Saying goodbye to Nana. After four years, Nana has left Innis to work for the Vice President, Research. (left to right: John Brown, Nana A. Boatemaa Owusu, David King and Audrey Perry.)

